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OUT OF the NIGHT

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A WEIRD PHANTOM STRUCK OUT OF THE NIGHT-- BRINGING A VENGEANCE SUCH AS THE WORLD HAD NEVER SEEN! Don't miss "THE GHOUL'S REVENGE"!

ALL I NEED DO IS TOUCH YOU-- LIKE THIS-- AND CHANGE YOU TO A CREATURE FROM THE BEYOND!

YAAGHH!

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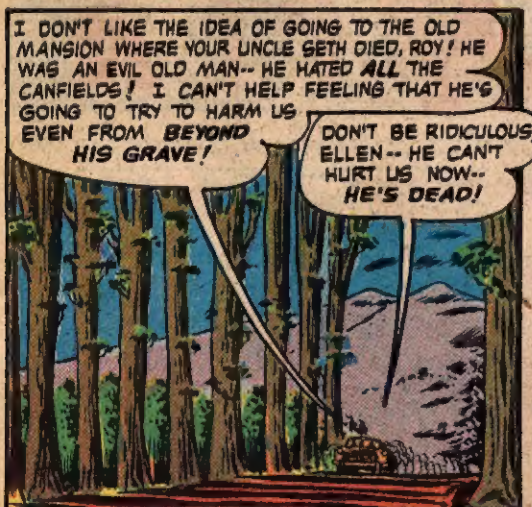
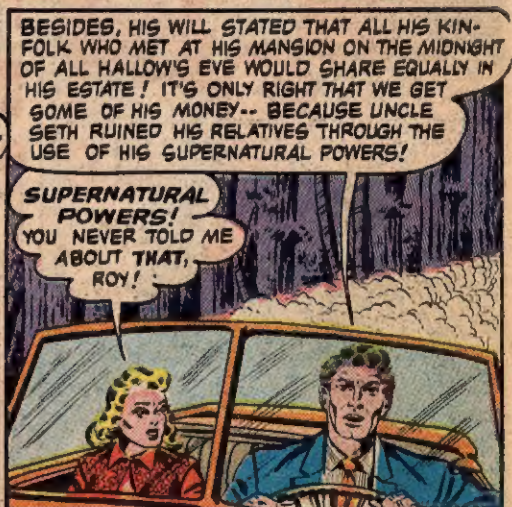
The body of fiendish old SETH CANFIELD had died -- but his incredibly evil spirit lived on to haunt those whom he hated! Yes, his diabolical plan was to wipe out the entire Canfield family in one night of unspeakable horror! THAT was to be...

The GHOUL'S REVENGE!





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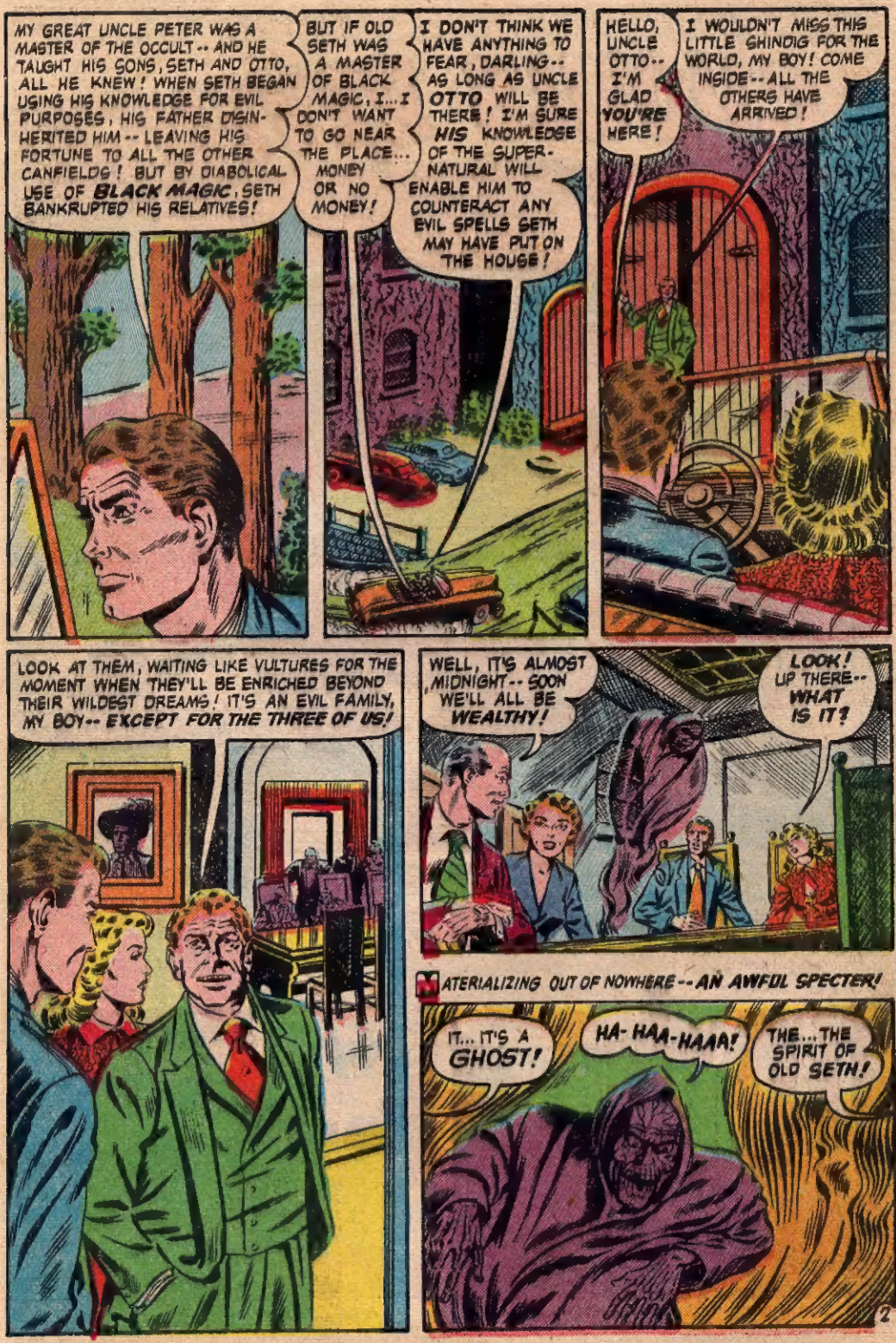

MY GREAT UNCLE PETER WAS A MASTER OF THE OCCULT -- AND HE TAUGHT HIS SONS, SETH AND OTTO, ALL HE KNEW! WHEN SETH BEGAN USING HIS KNOWLEDGE FOR EVIL PURPOSES, HIS FATHER DISINHERITED HIM -- LEAVING HIS FORTUNE TO ALL THE OTHER CANFIELDS! BUT BY DIABOLICAL USE OF BLACK MAGIC, SETH BANKRUPTED HIS RELATIVES!
BUT IF OLD SETH WAS A MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC, I... I DON'T WANT TO GO NEAR THE PLACE... MONEY OR NO MONEY!
I DON'T THINK WE HAVE ANYTHING TO FEAR, DARLING -- AS LONG AS UNCLE OTTO WILL BE THERE! I'M SURE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUPERNATURAL WILL ENABLE HIM TO COUNTERACT ANY EVIL SPELLS SETH MAY HAVE PUT ON THE HOUSE!
HELLO, UNCLE OTTO -- I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
I WOULDN'T MISS THIS LITTLE SHINDIG FOR THE WORLD, MY BOY! COME INSIDE -- ALL THE OTHERS HAVE ARRIVED!
LOOK AT THEM, WAITING LIKE VULTURES FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL BE ENRICHED BEYOND THEIR WILDEST DREAMS! IT'S AN EVIL FAMILY, MY BOY -- EXCEPT FOR THE THREE OF US!
WELL, IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT -- SOON WE'LL ALL BE WEALTHY!
LOOK! UP THERE -- WHAT IS IT?
ATERIALIZING OUT OF NOWHERE -- AN AWFUL SPECTER!
IT... IT'S A GHOST!
HA-HAA-HAAA!
THE... THE SPIRIT OF OLD SETH!
2

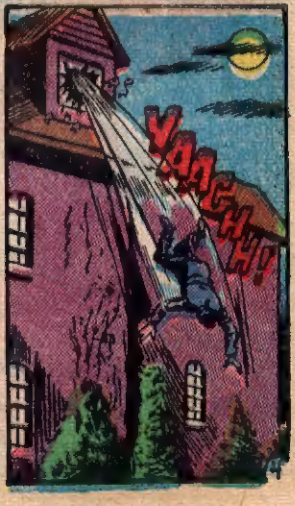
STAY WHERE YOU ARE-- ALL OF YOU-- IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO FLEE! THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAVE WAITED FOR-- THE MOMENT OF MY REVENGE! YOU WERE THE ONES WHO RECEIVED THE INHERITANCE WHICH I WAS DENIED-- AND NOW YOU WILL REAP THE HARVEST OF MY HATE!
AND YOU WILL BE FIRST, HESTER!
NO-- NO!
THEN, IN A MOMENT OF SHEER HORROR--
I'VE DREAMED OF THIS! ALL I NEED TO DO IS TOUCH YOU WITH MY HAND-- LIKE THIS--
YAAAGH!
SHE... SHE TURNED INTO A... A SKELETON!
I... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE-- FAST!
AS CHILLING PANIC SPREAD--
HA-HAA! YES, RUN, RUN-- INTO THE JAWS OF MY DEMONS FROM THE NETHERWORLD!
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT... WHAT ARE THOSE?
THEY MUST BE SETH'S DEMONS-- THEY'VE SURROUNDED US!
3

THEY'RE KILLING GEORGE! HERE COME MORE OF THEM-- GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE-- QUICKLY!
HIDE FROM SETH-- HIDE!
YES, TRY TO HIDE-- HA-HAA! IT WILL BE GREAT SPORT!
RUN, SHEEP, RUN-- FOR SOON YOU WILL DIE!
OH, ROY-- I'M TERRIFIED! WE'D BETTER HIDE!
NO-- HE'D FIND YOU WHEREVER YOU HID! HE'S JUST PLAYING CAT-AND-MOUSE WITH THEM-- SO IF WE DON'T RUN, HE'LL IGNORE US UNTIL HE'S FINISHED WITH THE OTHERS!

MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HUGE MANSION--
I... I'M SAFE IN THIS CLOSET! HE'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE-- NEVER!

HA-HAAA-HAA-HA!
NO-NO!

AND ELSEWHERE--
I... I THOUGHT THE ATTIC WAS SAFE-- BUT HE FOUND ME!


YAAGHH!

HE... HE'S GETTING THEM ALL, ONE BY ONE-- AND WE... WE'LL BE NEXT!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO, UNCLE OTTO?
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO-- BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO!
YAAAGH!
A GHOST AS EVIL AS SETH'S CAN ONLY BE DESTROYED BY ANOTHER GHOST-- BY THE SPIRIT OF A MAN WHO HAD FOUGHT EVIL ALL HIS LIFE! I CAME HERE WITH A CERTAIN DEADLY POWDER-- DEADLY TO MORTALS, AND TO GHOSTS, IF PROPERLY USED! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!
NO-- WAIT-- YOU CAN'T SACRIFICE YOURSELF JUST TO SAVE US!
WOULD YOU RATHER I DIED AT THE HANDS OF THAT FIEND? NO, THIS IS THE ONLY SOLUTION-- AT LEAST THIS WAY YOU TWO WILL SURVIVE! FAREWELL, MY BOY...!
OH, ROY-- HOW HORRIBLE!
UNCLE OTTO!
AGHH!
HE... HE'S DEAD-- AND LOOK-- HIS SPIRIT IS LEAVING HIS BODY!
GREAT SCOTT-- THERE'S HIS FULLY FORMED GHOST!
THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME-- I SENSE SETH'S GHOST APPROACHING!
AH, AND NOW FOR YOU, MY MOST HATED ENEMY!
YES-- IN DEATH-- EVEN AS IN LIFE!

IN-- DEATH? YOU... YOU'RE A... A...
YES, YOU FIEND-- A GHOST! I DIED WILLINGLY TO ASSUME THE ONLY FORM THAT COULD SEND YOU BACK TO THE LIMBO WHENCE YOU CAME! YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT YOU CAN BE DESTROYED ONLY BY THE SAME MEANS THAT TOOK THE LIFE OF A MORTAL WHO WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR A GOOD CAUSE...
--AND THIS POWDER IS THE MEANS!,
NO, OTTO-- NO!
IN A SURGE OF PURE HORROR--
YAAAGH!
HE... HE'S GONE! DISINTEGRATED INTO NOTHINGNESS!
YES-- AND LISTEN! THOSE SCREAMS OF AGONY ARE COMING FROM HIS DEMONS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE!
YAAAGH!
THEY'RE BEING DESTROYED TOO-- NOW THAT THE MASTER WHO SUMMONED THEM FROM THE BLACK BEYOND NO LONGER EXISTS!
YOU'VE INHERITED ALL OF SETH'S FORTUNE-- USE IT FOR GOOD, SO THAT THE AGONY OF THIS NIGHT WILL NOT HAVE BEEN IN VAIN! FAREWELL, MY CHILDREN, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN IN ANOTHER, AND BETTER WORLD!
THE END

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THE CHILL of the GRAVE

IT WAS LONG past midnight when Hamner disposed of the body. He had always hated George Collins, and he had no regrets. He paused to take a last look at the hastily dug grave. With dead leaves strewn over it, the surface was exactly like the ground around. Hamner smiled. The whole job had been much simpler than anticipated.

"No sense lingering," he thought, hurrying to the car which he'd driven a short way into the woods. "All I've got to do now is get rid of the pick and shovel and I'm in the clear."

The highway was deserted, and when he came to the bridge over the river he was able to dispose of the burial tools without trouble. It was only when he was speeding back to the city that he realized that he'd left his overcoat behind.

"YE GODS!" He slammed down on the brakes. "It...it's got the name of my private tailor in it...enough of a clue to put a *noose* around my neck!"

Racing back at top speed, Hamner remembered clearly having placed the overcoat over a low-hanging branch when he'd begun to dig. But he hadn't given much thought to the exact spot where he had originally driven off the road. Frantically, as he peered off at the wet shoulders for tire tracks, he realized that their presence might make other motorists suspicious. All at once it became clear that he hadn't pulled off as clean a job as he'd supposed.

After a furious search he found the tracks. Then he became confused. He knew that he'd dragged the body at least a hundred yards into the woods, but he didn't remember the precise direction. Driven by a sudden fear, he began groping forward wildly, unable to see more than a few yards ahead.

Ten minutes later, in a cold sweat, he found the grave. It was only then that he realized how extremely cold the night was. Shivering, he stooped to examine the mound. It was exactly as he had left it, except that some of the leaves seemed to have blown away. Swiftly, he dashed to the nearby tree with the low-hanging branch.

His eyes opened wide with terror, for the overcoat was gone! But he KNEW he had left it there. Even if the wind had blown it away, it couldn't have rolled far, because it was weighted with the .45 he had used to murder Collins.

"It's got to be around someplace!" he mumbled, thrashing around in a wide circle. Finally, he found himself back at the tree. "It's not possible!" he said, frightened by the sound of his own voice. "The coat couldn't have just disappeared!"

"No, it *didn't* just disappear!" Hamner's head shot around as if he'd been struck. There, hovering behind him, was his friend George Collins, shrouded by the missing overcoat, and staring at him with the blank eyes of death.

"George!" Hamner shrieked, feeling something snap within his brain. "Y-You're ...DEAD! I...KILLED...you!"

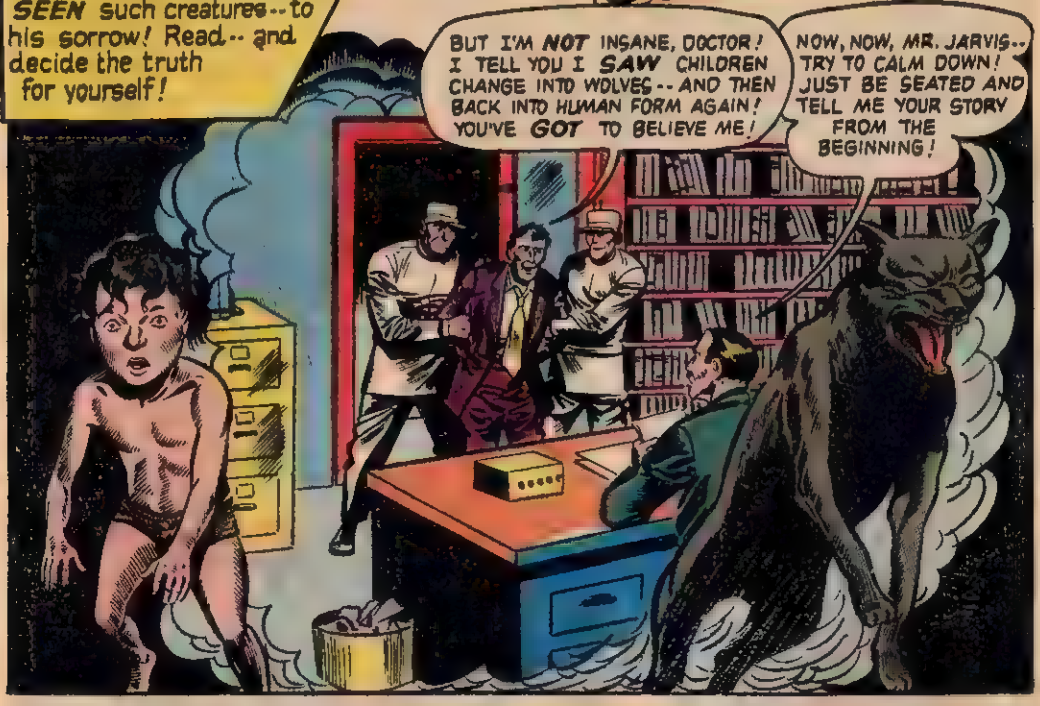
The grim spectre advanced, and in its ghastly hand was the .45. Numb with terror, Hamner stepped backwards, and sprawled over the mound of earth atop the grave. "Keep away!" he screamed, but the phantom was already upon him, clutching his throat with a bony hand.

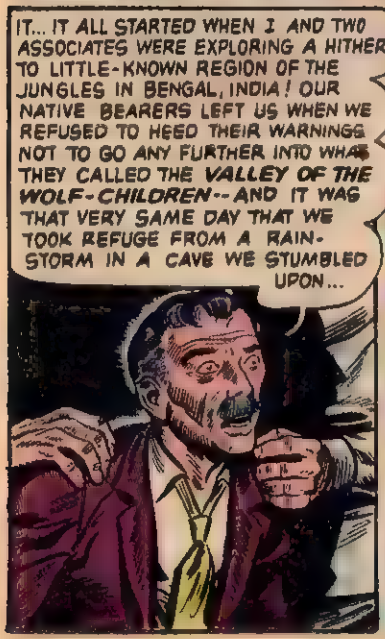
"It was *cold* in the grave," Hamner heard as if from far away, "VERY cold. Your overcoat...I *needed* it!"

He tried to scramble to his feet as the gun pressed into his ribs, but it was too late. Two shots rang out, and as he plunged into a pit of whirling blackness, Hamner heard over and over again, "Cold... VERY cold..."

The WOLF-CHILDREN of BENGAL

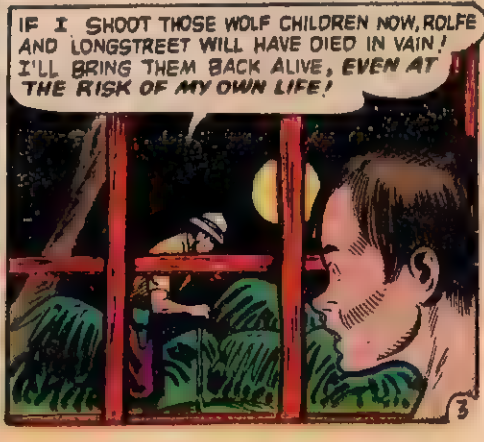
Remote and uncivilized corners of the world are filled with fearful legends of *WOLF-CHILDREN*, human infants who have been brought up by wolves--and are half-wolves themselves! One man claimed to have actually *SEEN* such creatures--to his sorrow! Read--and decide the truth for yourself!

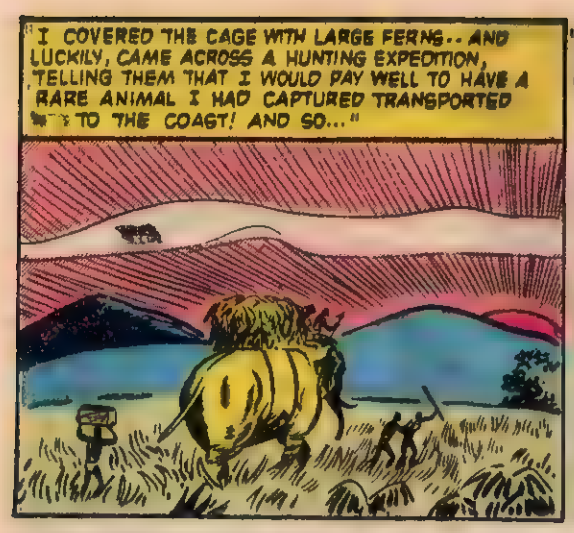


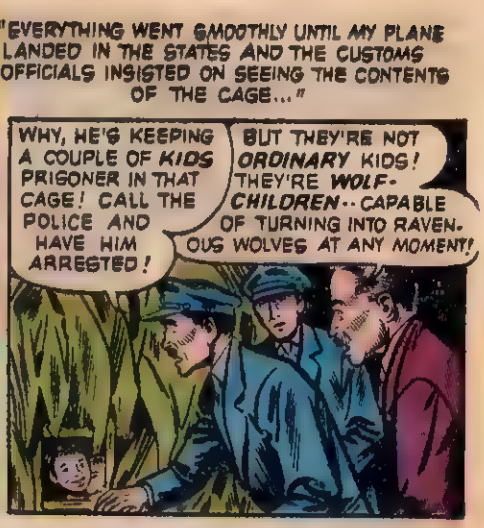


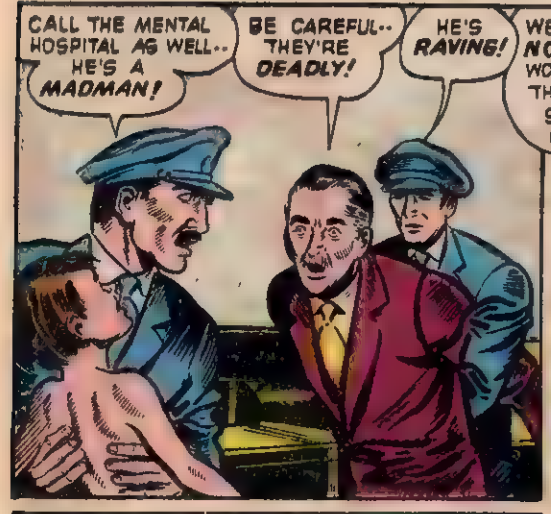
POOR KIDS-- THEY MUST'VE BEEN LOST IN THE WOODS DURING THEIR INFANCY-- AND BY SOME FREAK OF NATURE, THOSE WOLVES CARED FOR THEM! IT'LL BE QUITE A JOB CIVILIZING THEM!
BETTER BE CAREFUL, LONGSTREET-- YOU NEVER CAN TELL--
"SUDDENLY, AN UNBELIEVABLE TRANSFORMATION..."
THEY CAN'T HARM ME-- HUH?
GOOD HEAVENS-- THEY... THEY CHANGED-- INTO WOLVES!
"THEN, WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A STRIKING COBRA..."
YAAAGHH!
LOOK OUT!
MISSED, CONFOUND IT! BUT I WON'T AGAIN!
BANG!
THEY... THEY CHANGED BACK INTO CHILDREN! HOW CAN I SHOOT THEM-- NOW?
THEY DON'T DESERVE ANYTHING BETTER! LONGSTREET'S DEAD!
"I BURIED LONGSTREET WHILE ROLFE KEPT GUARD AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE TO SEE THAT THE WOLF-CHILDREN DIDN'T ESCAPE! THEN..."
WE CAN'T KILL THOSE CREATURES-- AFTER ALL, THEY ARE HALF HUMAN! WE'VE GOT TO BRING THEM BACK TO CIVILIZATION-- A SCIENTIFIC FIND LIKE THIS IS MIRACULOUS!
WE'LL BUILD A CAGE AND SMOKE THEM OUT OF THE CAVE INTO CAPTIVITY!
"WHEN THE CAGE WAS COMPLETED, WE LIT FIRES AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE-- AND SOON..."
IT WORKED! HERE THEY COME, BLINDED BY THE SMOKE! AND THEY'RE-- WOLVES AGAIN!
2

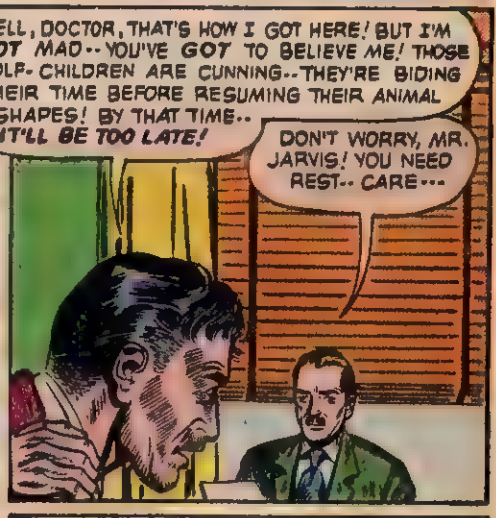
"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE-- FOR ROLFE HAD SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS LONGSTREET! IT WAS THEN THAT I MADE A GRIM RESOLUTION!"




I COVERED THE CAGE WITH LARGE FERNS-- AND LUCKILY, CAME ACROSS A HUNTING EXPEDITION, TELLING THEM THAT I WOULD PAY WELL TO HAVE A RARE ANIMAL I HAD CAPTURED TRANSPORTED TO THE COAST! AND SO..."


"EVERYTHING WENT SMOOTHLY UNTIL MY PLANE LANDED IN THE STATES AND THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS INSISTED ON SEEING THE CONTENTS OF THE CAGE..."
WHY, HE'S KEEPING A COUPLE OF KIDS PRISONER IN THAT CAGE! CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE HIM ARRESTED!
BUT THEY'RE NOT ORDINARY KIDS! THEY'RE WOLF-CHILDREN-- CAPABLE OF TURNING INTO RAVENOUS WOLVES AT ANY MOMENT!


CALL THE MENTAL HOSPITAL AS WELL-- HE'S A MADMAN!
BE CAREFUL-- THEY'RE DEADLY!
HE'S RAVING!


WELL, DOCTOR, THAT'S HOW I GOT HERE! BUT I'M NOT MAD-- YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! THOSE WOLF-CHILDREN ARE CUNNING-- THEY'RE BIDING THEIR TIME BEFORE RESUMING THEIR ANIMAL SHAPES! BY THAT TIME-- IT'LL BE TOO LATE!
DON'T WORRY, MR. JARVIS! YOU NEED REST-- CARE---

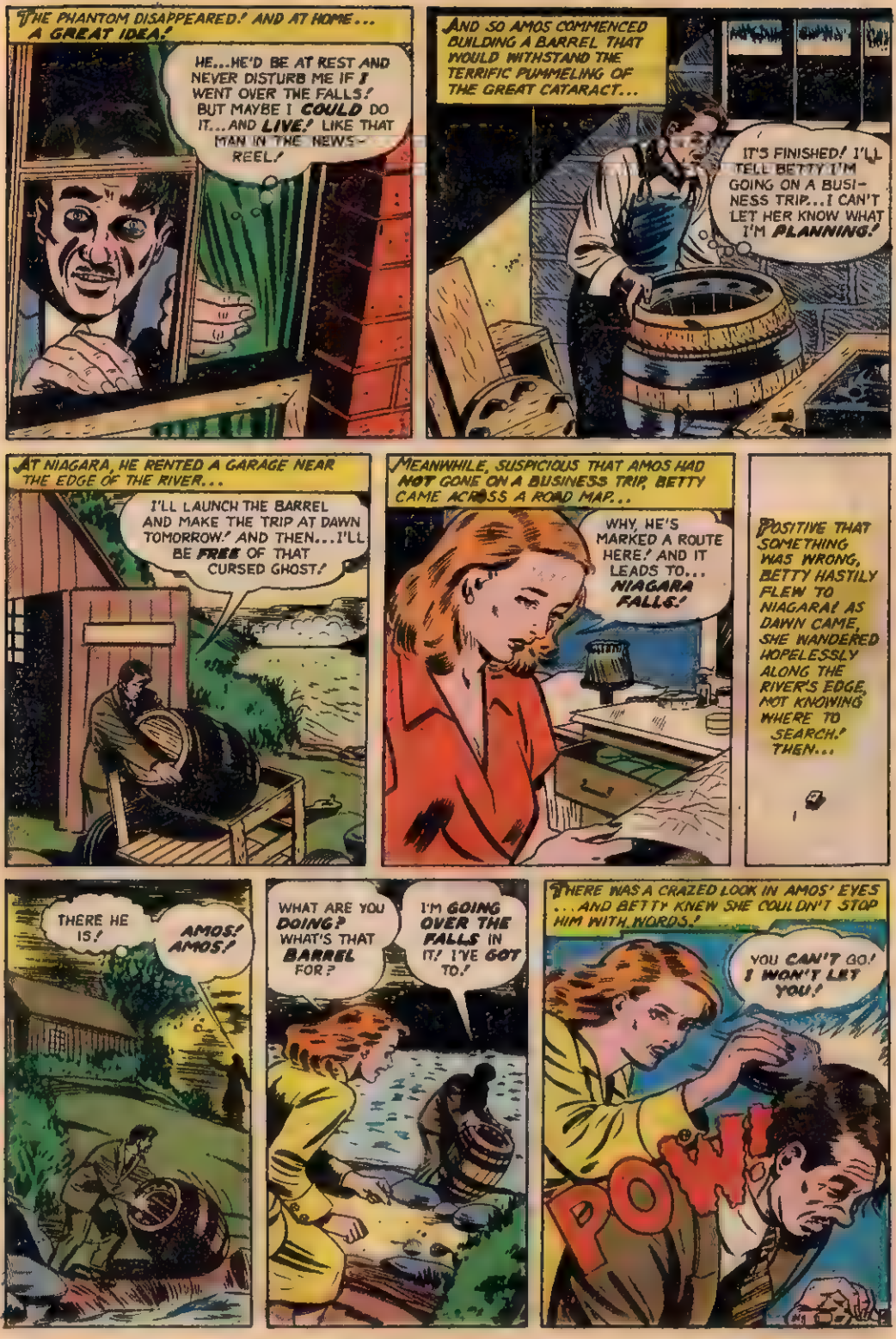
NO-- NO! I'M SANE, I TELL YOU-- THOSE KIDS ARE WOLF-CHILDREN! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME---
PLACE HIM IN SOLITARY -- AND SEND ME HIS COMMITMENT PAPERS!

WAS PETER JARVIS SANE, READER-- WAS HIS STORY TRUE? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
ORPHANAGE
THE END
4

SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL MEN HAVE FEARED FOG... THE GREY, SODDEN CLOAK IN WHICH DEATH OFTEN LURKED! BUT NO MAN FEARED FOG MORE THAN AMOS TAINE! FOR IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE GHASTLY SPECTER CAME TO HIM...
THE MONSTER OF THE MIST
YOU... YOU AGAIN!
I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE, AMOS TAINE... NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN SWEPT OVER THE CATARACT! COME... COME!
ART GATES
IT ALL BEGAN ONE MIST-FILLED NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE NIAGARA RIVER JUST ABOVE THE FALLS! AMOS WAS PENNILESS... AND HE HAD SEEN AN ELDERLY MAN WITH A WALLET HEAVY WITH MONEY...
NO ONE AROUND... THIS IS MY CHANCE!
TOO SOON, THE DEED WAS DONE...
SOMEBODY'S COMING... IT MAY BE A COP! IF HE SEES THE OLD MAN...
THAT DID IT... THE CURRENT WILL TAKE HIM OVER THE FALLS! IF HIS BODY IS EVER FOUND, HE'LL BE TAGGED A SUICIDE!

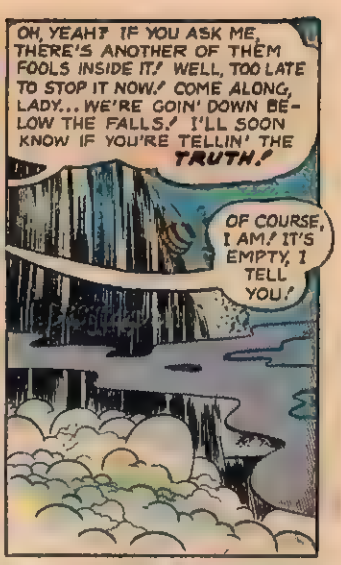
NOW TO CLEAR OUT OF TOWN... WITH ENOUGH DOUGH TO SET ME UP IN BUSINESS!
YEARS PASSED AND AMOS PROSPERED! YET WHENEVER HE HEARD NIAGARA MENTIONED, A NUMBING TERROR STALKED THROUGH HIS MIND AS MEMORY RECALLED THE GUILT OF A GHASTLY SCENE...
MR. CLARKE'S FROM NIAGARA FALLS!
YOU'LL...YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! I'VE AN APPOINTMENT...
ME COULDN'T DROWN OUT THE PAST...NOT EVEN IN ROMANCE...
OH, DARLING, I'M SO HAPPY... IT'S SILLY, BUT I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF A HONEYMOON AT NIAGARA FALLS! WE'LL GO THERE, WON'T WE, DEAR?
THE FALLS, BETTY? BUT...
YOU LOOK SO SHOCKED! I KNOW IT'S CORNY, BUT... PLEASE TAKE ME THERE!
AFTER ALL, WHY NOT? THE OLD MAN'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS! IT'LL BE SAFE...
SO THEY WENT TO NIAGARA ON THEIR HONEYMOON! AMOS KEPT HIMSELF UNDER CONTROL...UNTIL THEY BOARDED THE SMALL SHIP WHICH SAILED INTO THE SHADOW OF THE FALLS THEMSELVES!
HOW THRILLING! AREN'T YOU ENJOYING IT, AMOS?
THERE'S... SOMETHING THERE... IN THE MIST!
YES, TO AMOS THERE WAS SOMETHING THERE!
COME, AMOS TAINE! COME...
IT'S...THE OLD MAN!
SCARCELY KNOWING WHAT HE WAS DOING, AMOS RAN TO THE RAIL, STARTED TO CLIMB OVER...
AMOS! AMOS!
GRAB HIM, JIM!
12

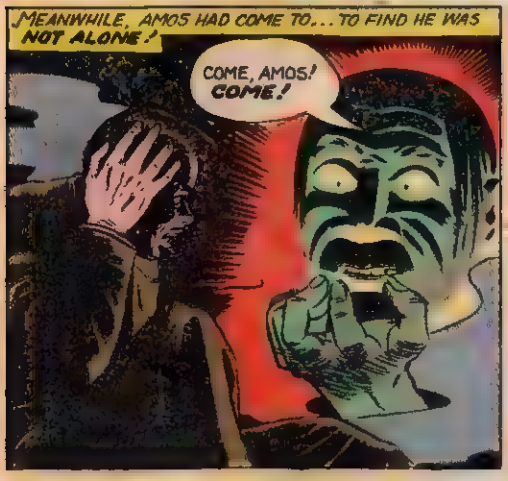
LET ME GO! HE TOLD ME TO COME TO HIM...
EASY, PAL... EASY!
THAT WAS ALL FOR AMOS! THEY LEFT BY THE FIRST TRAIN...
I...I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT CAME OVER ME, BETTY! I MUST'VE HAD A...DIZZY SPELL!
JUST RELAX! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!
AFTER THAT, LIFE SEEMED TO PROGRESS ON A FAIRLY EVEN KEEL! AMOS STROVE TO BAR THE EPISODE FROM HIS MIND! AND THE MEMORY OF HIS FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE DIMMED ...EXCEPT WHEN FOG ROLLED IN FROM THE SEA! AND THEN THIS WOULD HAPPEN...
IT'S...YOU!
COME, AMOS ...COME BACK TO THE FALLS!
WHAT'S WRONG? DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING?
I'M...I'M NOT GOING TO THE OFFICE! PULL THE CURTAINS OVER THAT WINDOW ...QUICK!
SO WHEN THE FOG LAY THICK, AMOS STAYED INDOORS WITH THE SHADES DRAWN! THEN, ONE NIGHT, AT A MOVIE...
THESE EXCLUSIVE PICTURES SHOW DARE-DEVIL DANIELS AND HIS HAIR-RAISING TRIP IN A BARREL OVER NIAGARA FALLS...
NO! NO! I CAN'T WATCH IT!
AMOS! WHATEVER...
TERRIFIED, AMOS FLED TO THE STREET...ONLY TO FIND THAT A BLANKET OF FOG HAD ROLLED IN FROM THE OCEAN!
FOG! FOG! AND THERE HE IS AGAIN!
COME, AMOS...COME BACK TO THE FALLS!
PANIC-STRICKEN, HE RAN...BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!
WHAT.. WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
I WILL NEVER REST UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN SWEPT OVER THE FALLS AS I WAS!
3


THE PHANTOM DISAPPEARED! AND AT HOME... A GREAT IDEA!
HE...HE'D BE AT REST AND NEVER DISTURB ME IF I WENT OVER THE FALLS! BUT MAYBE I COULD DO IT...AND LIVE! LIKE THAT MAN IN THE NEWS-REEL!
AND SO AMOS COMMENCED BUILDING A BARREL THAT WOULD WITHSTAND THE TERRIFIC PUMMELING OF THE GREAT CATARACT...
IT'S FINISHED! I'LL TELL BETTY I'M GOING ON A BUSI-NESS TRIP...I CAN'T LET HER KNOW WHAT I'M PLANNING!
AT NIAGARA, HE RENTED A GARAGE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE RIVER...
I'LL LAUNCH THE BARREL AND MAKE THE TRIP AT DAWN TOMORROW! AND THEN...I'LL BE FREE OF THAT CURSED GHOST!
MEANWHILE, SUSPICIOUS THAT AMOS HAD NOT GONE ON A BUSINESS TRIP, BETTY CAME ACROSS A ROAD MAP...
WHY, HE'S MARKED A ROUTE HERE! AND IT LEADS TO... NIAGARA FALLS!
POSITIVE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG, BETTY HASTILY FLEW TO NIAGARA! AS DAWN CAME, SHE WANDERED HOPELESSLY ALONG THE RIVER'S EDGE, NOT KNOWING WHERE TO SEARCH! THEN...
THERE HE IS!
AMOS! AMOS!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT'S THAT BARREL FOR?
I'M GOING OVER THE FALLS IN IT! I'VE GOT TO!
THERE WAS A CRAZED LOOK IN AMOS' EYES ...AND BETTY KNEW SHE COULDN'T STOP HIM WITH WORDS!
YOU CAN'T GO! I WON'T LET YOU!
POW!

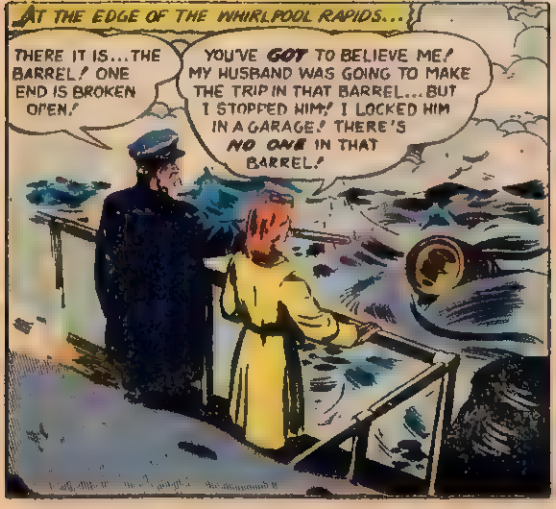
DRAGGING HER UNCONSCIOUS HUSBAND TO THE GARAGE, BETTY LOCKED HIM INSIDE...
I'LL PUSH THAT BARREL INTO THE RIVER AND GET RID OF IT!

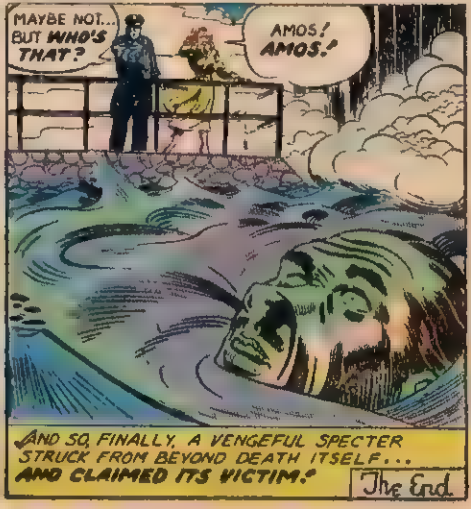
SHE HAD NO SOONER DONE SO WHEN...
WHO'S IN THAT BARREL? DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO PULL THOSE CRAZY STUNTS?
IT'S EMPTY, OFFICER!


OH, YEAH? IF YOU ASK ME, THERE'S ANOTHER OF THEM FOOLS INSIDE IT! WELL, TOO LATE TO STOP IT NOW! COME ALONG, LADY... WE'RE GOIN' DOWN BELOW THE FALLS! I'LL SOON KNOW IF YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH!
OF COURSE, I AM! IT'S EMPTY, I TELL YOU!


MEANWHILE, AMOS HAD COME TO... TO FIND HE WAS NOT ALONE!
COME, AMOS! COME!

YES... YES...
CRASH!


AT THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS...
THERE IT IS... THE BARREL! ONE END IS BROKEN OPEN!
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! MY HUSBAND WAS GOING TO MAKE THE TRIP IN THAT BARREL... BUT I STOPPED HIM! I LOCKED HIM IN A GARAGE! THERE'S NO ONE IN THAT BARREL!


MAYBE NOT... BUT WHO'S THAT?
AMOS! AMOS!
AND SO, FINALLY, A VENGEFUL SPECTER STRUCK FROM BEYOND DEATH ITSELF... AND CLAIMED ITS VICTIM!
The End

OUT of the NIGHT TO YOU!

MANY AND STRANGE are the things that come *out of the night*...out of the vast and teeming vale of the great *Unknown* itself! These are the things to which the mind of man thrills...the things which, surpassing mortal knowledge, stand as a constant and thrilling challenge to thinking people everywhere. Yes, they're the things which lie behind such a magazine as ours. And we know that you're deeply absorbed, tensely interested in them...for what but such an interest could explain the phenomenal growth of such a magazine as *"Out of the Night?"*

It's been a growth by leaps and bounds, with readership soaring toward the million mark, and newsstands from coast to coast clamoring for copies. A wonderful thing for profits, true...but it goes beyond that. It spells complete public acceptance of the theories and principles underlying this magazine. In brief, our publishing credo has been this: Give readers stories of the supernatural exclusively, because that's where their interest lies. Give them imaginative and challenging stories with intriguing plots...explore and investigate every avenue of the vast *Unknown*. Deal with the eerie creatures of the night...with werewolves, vampires, zombies, ghosts... and do so thrillingly. Put exciting *thought* behind your stories...don't rely on senseless terror for the sake of terror itself. And bring these stories into vivid, entrancing life through dramatic illustration by America's best artists.

All of these factors have been put to work in *"Out of the Night"*...and the result has been a wave of public enthusiasm such as has seldom been seen. And just such enthusiasm, we feel, will greet the contents of this current issue. You, for one, should like *"The Ghoul's Revenge"*, a strange supernatural story that's *different*. And for genuinely eerie thrills, take a look at *"The Wolf-Children of Bengal"*. Then, for a weird yarn that'll fetch cheers, there's *"The Monster of The Mist"*. You'll go all out for *"The Case of The Phantom Plane"*...and thrill to the depths of your being at *"Fiend of The Undead"*.

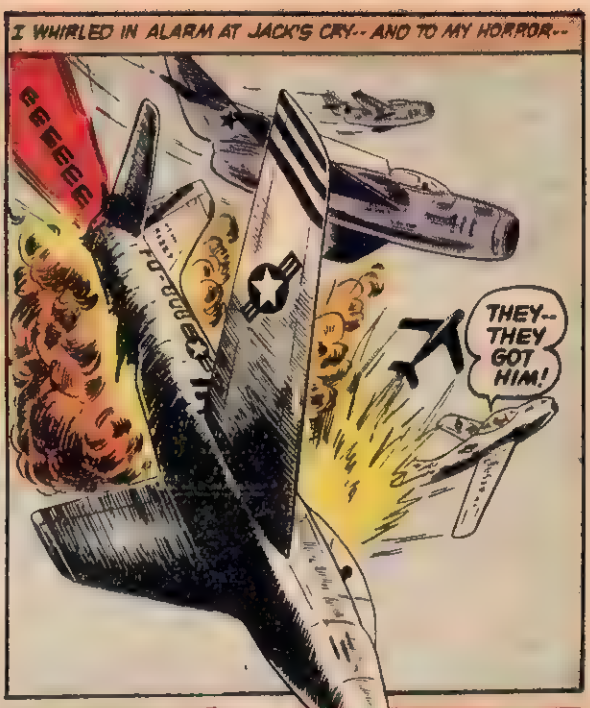
And now...we've got a favor to ask you! We'd like you to write to us, telling us what you think of this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues. Address your letter to The Editor, *"Out of the Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. If we have space, we'll print it. Meanwhile, here are some other letters that we've received!

"Dear Editor:-
I've just finished reading the latest issue of 'Out of the Night', *and it was* wonderful! *The stories I liked best were* 'The Vampire's Fate' *and* 'Scorpion From The Stars'. *Even before I read the magazine, I was thrilled by the cover and title. I could hardly wait to open it and start reading! I like your text stories as well as the picture stories... no matter what you publish, it's all good! Keep up the swell work! Your loyal fan...*
--Miriam Whitbeck, Binghamton, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-
I've enjoyed reading 'Out of the Night' *very much. The story I liked best was* 'The Vampire's Fate'. *Congratulations...you print exciting yarns like that all the time! Most of my friends, as well as myself, like your book better than any other comic. I read each of your issues over many times, and keep enjoying them more and more. Please, keep printing these wonderful stories!*
--E. P., Minneapolis, Minn."

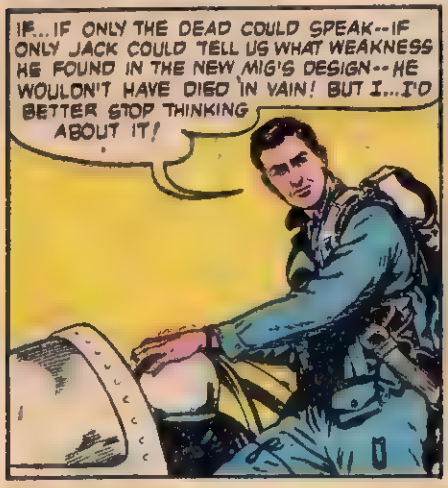
"Dear Editor:-
Congratulations on 'Out of the Night'! *For my money, you just couldn't beat* 'The Return of The Werewolf'. *People like the kind of stories where you just can't tell what'll happen next. You've always been tops with my gang...and always will!*
--G. Alton, Jenks, Okla."

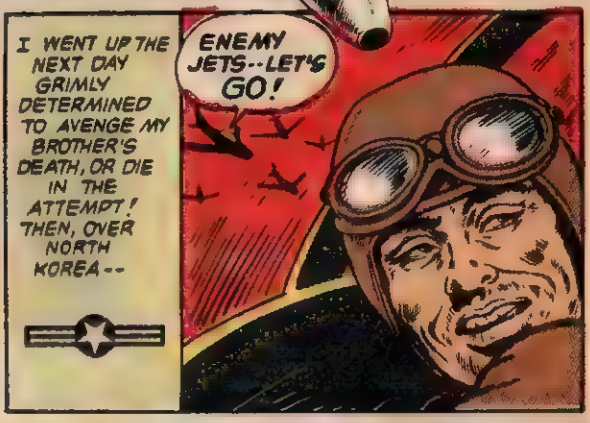
The CASE of the PHANTOM PLANE
I'M LT. BERT CUMMINGS, OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE! AS SOON AS I HEARD THAT THIS MAGAZINE PRINTED STORIES OF TRUE GHOST EXPERIENCES, I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MY EXPERIENCE! BUT I'VE GOT TO WARN YOU-- IT ISN'T A STORY ABOUT AN ORDINARY GHOST-- BUT ABOUT A PHANTOM PLANE-- PILOTED BY MY DEAD BROTHER!
MY BROTHER JACK AND I WERE BOTH IN A SABRE-JET SQUADRON BASED IN SOUTH KOREA! ONE DAY--
I SURE HOPE WE RUN INTO SOME OF THOSE NEW MIG JETS TODAY, BERT! I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT THEIR WEAKNESS IS AND SHOOT A COUPLE DOWN!
SO WOULD I, BUT THOSE NEW RED BABIES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY FLAWS-- AT LEAST, IF ANY OF OUR GUYS FOUND OUT WHAT THEY WERE, THEY'RE NOT ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE!
SOON AFTERWARDS, HIGH OVER NORTH KOREA--
ENEMY PLANES AT ONE O'CLOCK-- HERE THEY COME!
THEY'RE THE NEW TYPE-- LET'S GET 'EM!

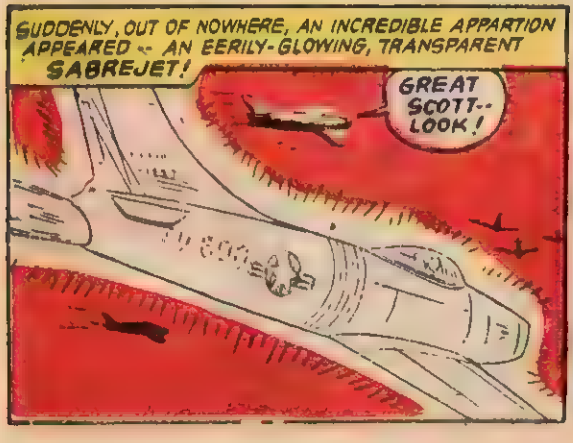


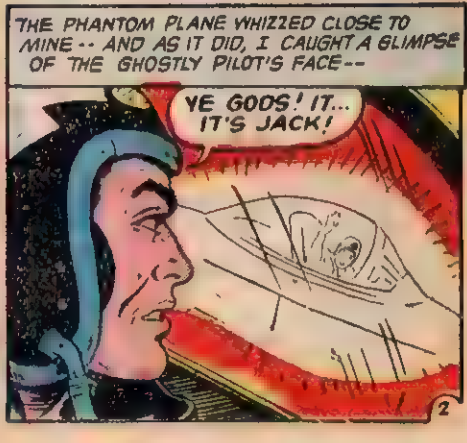
AFTER WATCHING MY BROTHER'S PLANE CRASH IN FLAMES, I TURNED IN BLIND FURY TOWARD THE REDS, BUT THEY WERE ALREADY STREAKING FOR SAFETY-- NORTH OF THE YALU!

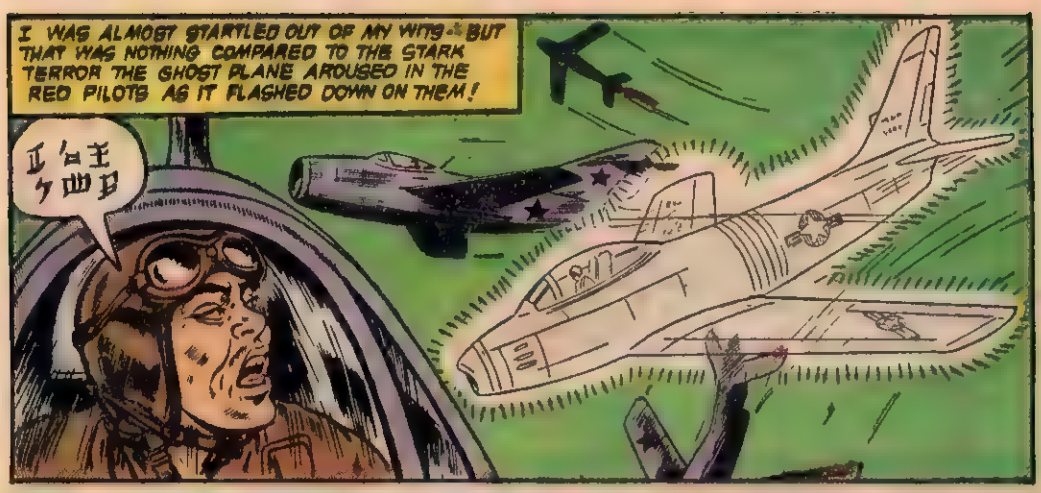
LATER, AT THE BASE--

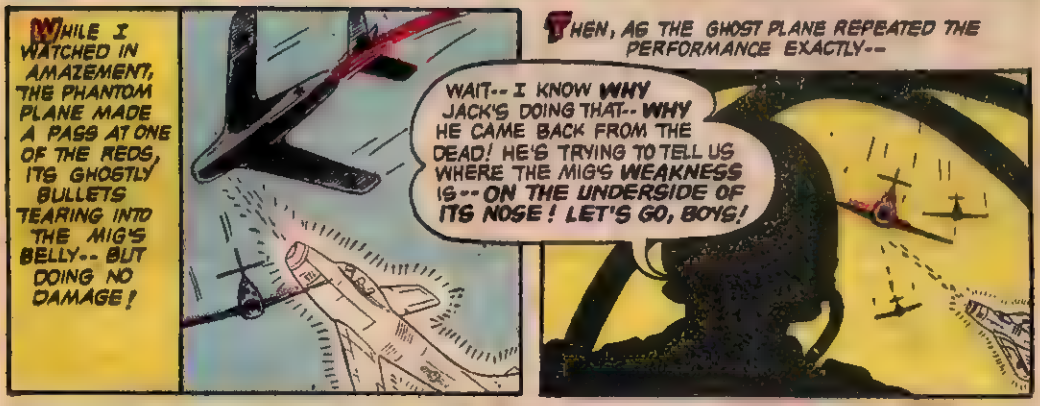


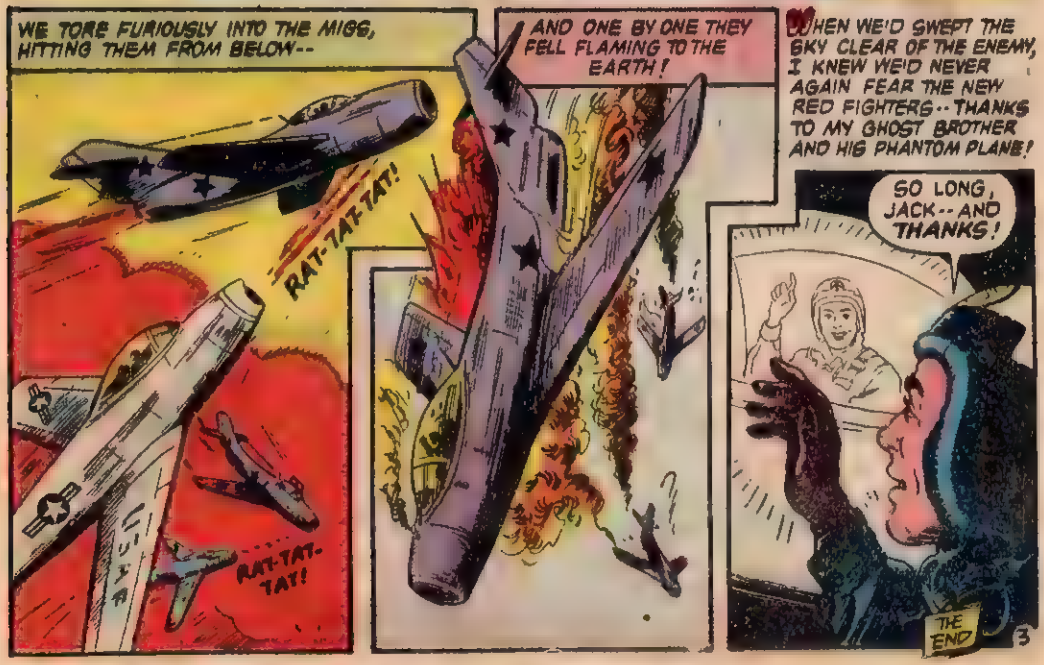







I WAS ALMOST STARTLED OUT OF MY WITS--BUT THAT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE STARK TERROR THE GHOST PLANE AROUSED IN THE RED PILOTS AS IT FLASHED DOWN ON THEM!


WHILE I WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT, THE PHANTOM PLANE MADE A PASS AT ONE OF THE REDS, ITS GHOSTLY BULLETS TEARING INTO THE MIG'S BELLY-- BUT DOING NO DAMAGE!
THEN, AS THE GHOST PLANE REPEATED THE PERFORMANCE EXACTLY--
WAIT-- I KNOW WHY JACK'S DOING THAT-- WHY HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD! HE'S TRYING TO TELL US WHERE THE MIG'S WEAKNESS IS--ON THE UNDERSIDE OF ITS NOSE! LET'S GO, BOYS!


WE TORE FURIOUSLY INTO THE MIGS, HITTING THEM FROM BELOW--
RAT-TAT-TAT!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
AND ONE BY ONE THEY FELL FLAMING TO THE EARTH!
WHEN WE'D SWEPT THE SKY CLEAR OF THE ENEMY, I KNEW WE'D NEVER AGAIN FEAR THE NEW RED FIGHTERS--THANKS TO MY GHOST BROTHER AND HIS PHANTOM PLANE!
SO LONG, JACK--AND THANKS!
THE END

"TRUE" GHOSTS of HISTORY

ON MARCH, 986 A.D., A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD YOUTH WAS CROWNED AS KING LOUIS V OF FRANCE···BUT HE WAS DESTINED TO REIGN ONLY A YEAR BEFORE BECOMING ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS "TRUE GHOSTS" OF HISTORY!

WHEN THE AMBITIOUS LOUIS BEGAN TO ROB HIS MOTHER, QUEEN EMMA, OF HER LANDS AND POWERS, THE COLD-BLOODED QUEEN PLANNED TO POISON HER OWN SON!

WHEN LOUIS DRINKS THIS GOBLET OF WINE AT THE BANQUET TONIGHT, I WILL BE THE ONLY RULER OF FRANCE--FOR I WILL BE THE LAST OF THE CARLOVINGIANS!

THUS, ON A SPRING NIGHT IN MAY, 987, LOUIS V WAS POISONED TO DEATH!

AARGHHH!

BUT ALL OF FRANCE KNEW THAT IT WAS EMMA WHO HAD MURDERED THE KING···AND SO, WHEN THE ASSEMBLY OF SENLIS MET···

WHAT···YOU ARE DEPRIVING ME, THE QUEEN, OF MY CROWN? BUT THE THRONE IS HEREDITARY ···AND I AM THE LAST OF THE CARLOVINGIANS!

YOU ARE NOT FIT TO BE QUEEN··· NO LONGER WILL A CARLOVINGIAN BE RULER OF FRANCE! WE SHALL CROWN HUGH CAPET KING OF FRANCE!

THWARTED, THE QUEEN RETIRED TO HER CASTLE! BUT ONE DAY, AS THE ANCIENT HISTORIANS RECORDED, A SPECTOR APPEARED ON THE TOWER WHERE EMMA WAS SUNNING HERSELF···

YOUR HIGHNESS! IT···IT'S THE GHOST OF YOUR SON!

NO, NO··· KEEP AWAY!

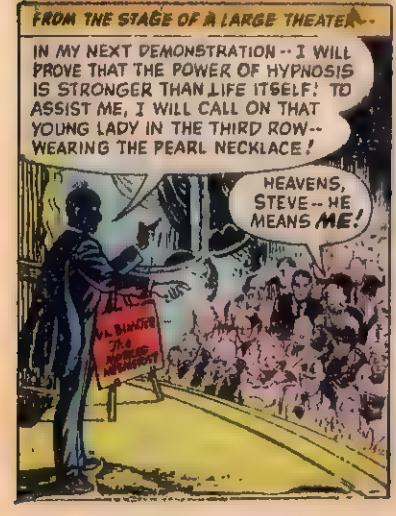
BUT THE GHOST WOULD NOT BE DENIED···AND A MOMENT LATER, THE MURDER OF LOUIS V HAD BEEN AVENGED!

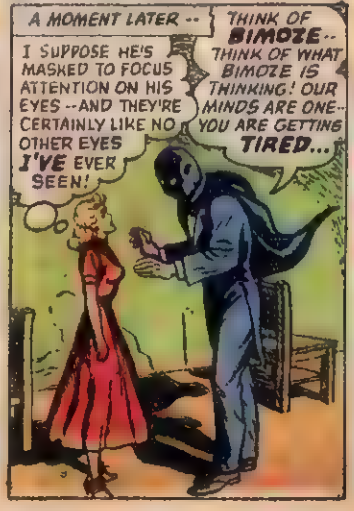
YEAHH!

THE END!

FIEND OF THE UNDEAD

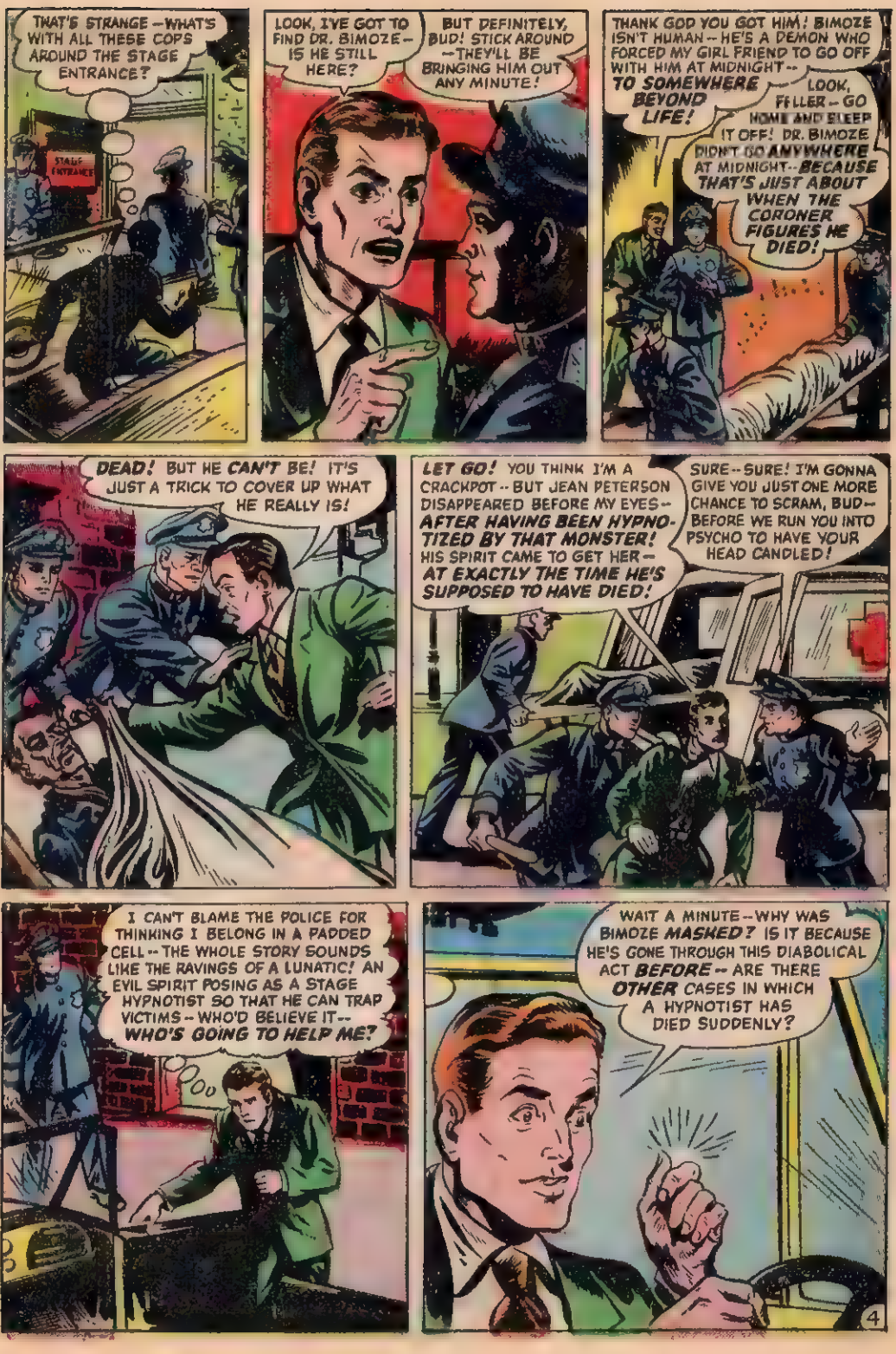
... JEAN PETERSON LEARNED THE ANSWER IN A SINGLE RUSH OF TERROR -- WHEN HER YOUTH WITHERED INTO A THING THAT HOBBLED CROONING INTO THE DARKNESS -- TOWARD THE FIEND OF THE UNDEAD!

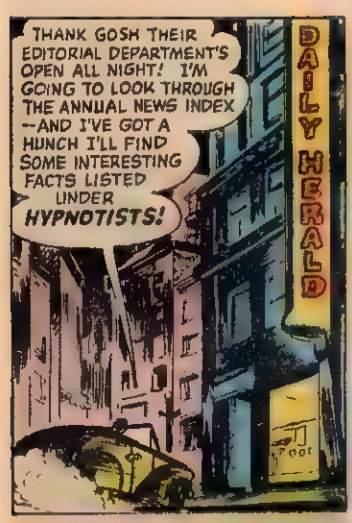


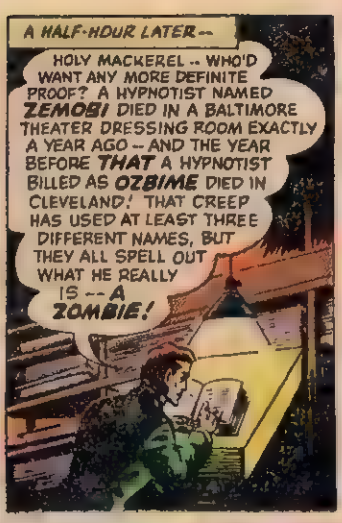


IN THE NEXT SECOND --
I SUGGESTED EXTREME AGE TO THIS YOUNG LADY SO THAT THE IDEA OF DEATH WOULD BE FIXED IN HER HYPNOTIZED MIND -- AND TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES -- SHE IS DEAD! WATCH!
THE YOUNG LADY IS COMPLETELY UNHARMED -- BUT A POSITION SUCH AS THIS COULD BE ASSUMED ONLY BY A CORPSE!
THAT PHONY THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF -- BUT TO ME THIS BUSINESS ABOUT CORPSES IS A VERY UNFUNNY TYPE OF ENTERTAINMENT!
SOON AFTERWARD --
IT WAS REALLY AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE, STEVE! THOSE STRANGE, COMPELLING EYES -- I WONDER WHAT DR. BIMOZE LOOKS LIKE WITHOUT HIS MASK?
WHO GIVES A HOOT? YOU'RE NOT HYPNOTYZED NOW, BABY -- LET'S FORGET ABOUT HIM!
BIMOZE
AN HOUR LATER --
BIMOZE... WHAT AN UNUSUAL NAME -- AND AN UNUSUAL PERSON, TOO! DON'T BE OFFENDED, STEVE -- I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET HIM OFF MY MIND!
YEP -- AND YOU'VE TALKED ABOUT HIM ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR VOICE DRY AND RASPY! WELL, IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT -- I'D BETTER BE GOING!
JEAN -- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE? IT'S DRAWN AND WRINKLED -- YE GODS, YOU'RE AGING BY THE SECOND!
AGING? BUT I FEEL... WONDERFUL!
AS IF WITHERED BY AN UNSEEN BLIGHT --
OLD, BIMOZE -- OLD ENOUGH TO DIE!
GOOD LORD! -- HER FIGURE'S FADING! SHE'S CHANGED INTO SOMETHING ANCIENT!
BIMOZE -- BIMOZE! AS YOU COMMAND -- SO SHALL I OBEY!
2

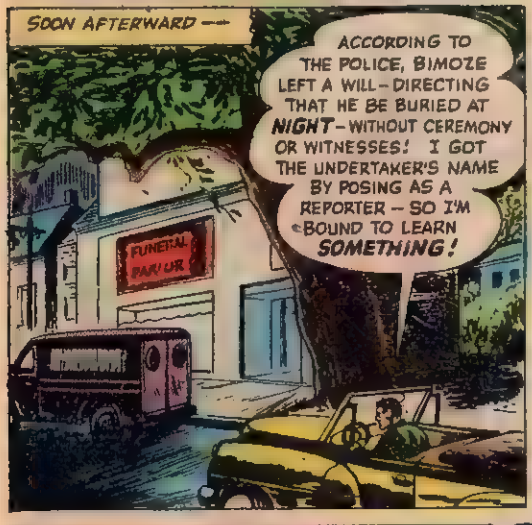
SHE'S WAITING--AND THERE'S SOME KIND OF MONSTROUS PHANTOM COMING TOWARD HER!
YOUR BODY HAS PASSED FROM YOUTH TO AGE--YOUR SOUL HAS ENTERED THE DIM WORLD OF THE LIVING DEAD! NOW THAT YOU ARE MINE--
--CHANGE BACK TO WHAT YOU WERE!
JEAN! SNAP OUT OF IT--YOU CAN'T LET THIS FIEND OVERPOWER YOU!
DO YOU THINK I CAN BE CHECKED? IT WOULD BE EASIER TO RAISE SOMEONE FROM A COFFIN--THAN ATTEMPT TO WARD OFF THIS TYPE OF DEATH!
AS THE STARING EYES GLITTER IN THE DARKNESS--KINDLED WITH BOUNDLESS EVIL--
YE GODS! I CAN'T SEE--THERE'S NOTHING AROUND ME BUT A THROBBING BLACK EMPTINESS!
BLACK--BLACK AS THE TOMB FROM WHICH I HAVE COME!
A MOMENT LATER--
THEY'RE GONE--THAT JABBERING GHOUL HAS TAKEN JEAN WITH HIM!
I CAN SEE NOW WHY BIMOZE WORE A MASK--AND HOW HIS WEIRD STAGE ROUTINE WAS PLANNED TO PREPARE JEAN'S MIND FOR WHAT WAS COMING--AT MIDNIGHT! I'VE GOT TO HELP HER--BY TRACING BIMOZE--STARTING BACK AT THE THEATER!
3


THAT'S STRANGE — WHAT'S WITH ALL THESE COPS AROUND THE STAGE ENTRANCE?
STAGE ENTRANCE
LOOK, I'VE GOT TO FIND DR. BIMOZE — IS HE STILL HERE?
BUT DEFINITELY, BUD! STICK AROUND — THEY'LL BE BRINGING HIM OUT ANY MINUTE!
THANK GOD YOU GOT HIM! BIMOZE ISN'T HUMAN — HE'S A DEMON WHO FORCED MY GIRL FRIEND TO GO OFF WITH HIM AT MIDNIGHT — TO SOMEWHERE BEYOND LIFE!
LOOK, FELLER — GO HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF! DR. BIMOZE DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE AT MIDNIGHT — BECAUSE THAT'S JUST ABOUT WHEN THE CORONER FIGURES HE DIED!
DEAD! BUT HE CAN'T BE! IT'S JUST A TRICK TO COVER UP WHAT HE REALLY IS!
LET GO! YOU THINK I'M A CRACKPOT — BUT JEAN PETERSON DISAPPEARED BEFORE MY EYES — AFTER HAVING BEEN HYPNOTIZED BY THAT MONSTER! HIS SPIRIT CAME TO GET HER — AT EXACTLY THE TIME HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED!
SURE — SURE! I'M GONNA GIVE YOU JUST ONE MORE CHANCE TO SCRAM, BUD — BEFORE WE RUN YOU INTO PSYCHO TO HAVE YOUR HEAD CANDLED!
I CAN'T BLAME THE POLICE FOR THINKING I BELONG IN A PADDED CELL — THE WHOLE STORY SOUNDS LIKE THE RAVINGS OF A LUNATIC! AN EVIL SPIRIT POSING AS A STAGE HYPNOTIST SO THAT HE CAN TRAP VICTIMS — WHO'D BELIEVE IT — WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME?
WAIT A MINUTE — WHY WAS BIMOZE MASKED? IS IT BECAUSE HE'S GONE THROUGH THIS DIABOLICAL ACT BEFORE — ARE THERE OTHER CASES IN WHICH A HYPNOTIST HAS DIED SUDDENLY?
4

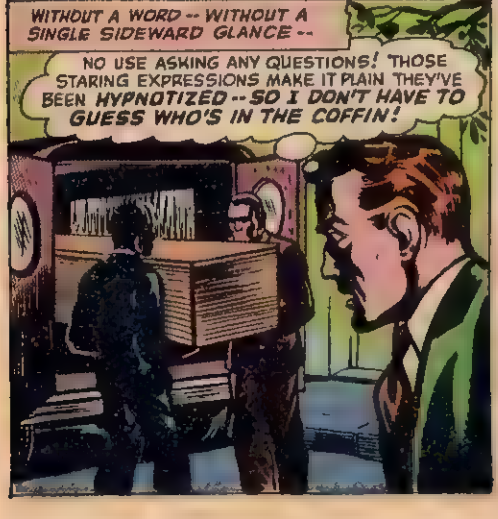

THANK GOSH THEIR EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT'S OPEN ALL NIGHT! I'M GOING TO LOOK THROUGH THE ANNUAL NEWS INDEX --AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH I'LL FIND SOME INTERESTING FACTS LISTED UNDER HYPNOTISTS!
DAILY HERALD

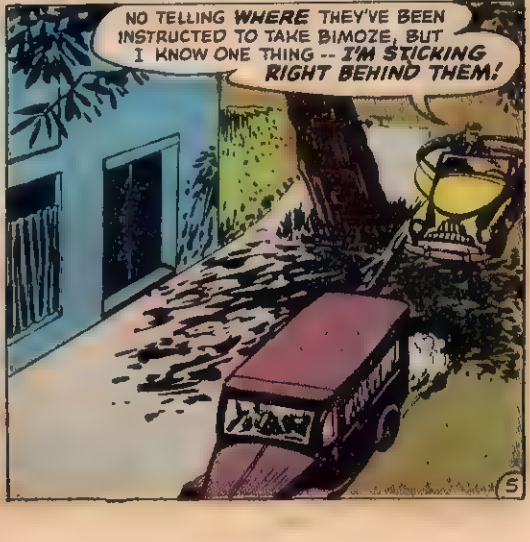

A HALF-HOUR LATER --
HOLY MACKEREL -- WHO'D WANT ANY MORE DEFINITE PROOF? A HYPNOTIST NAMED ZEMOS! DIED IN A BALTIMORE THEATER DRESSING ROOM EXACTLY A YEAR AGO -- AND THE YEAR BEFORE THAT A HYPNOTIST BILLED AS OZBIME DIED IN CLEVELAND! THAT CREEP HAS USED AT LEAST THREE DIFFERENT NAMES, BUT THEY ALL SPELL OUT WHAT HE REALLY IS -- A ZOMBIE!

AS STEVE CHECKS THE BACK ISSUES --
JUST AS I THOUGHT -- EVERY TIME BIMOZE DIED -- THE SAME EDITION CARRIED A STORY ABOUT A GIRL DISAPPEARING! BIMOZE HAS BEEN CLAIMING A NEW VICTIM EVERY YEAR -- BUT JEAN'S GOING TO BE THE LAST! IF HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD -- I'M GOING TO FIND HIS BODY!


SOON AFTERWARD --
ACCORDING TO THE POLICE, BIMOZE LEFT A WILL -- DIRECTING THAT HE BE BURIED AT NIGHT -- WITHOUT CEREMONY OR WITNESSES! I GOT THE UNDERTAKER'S NAME BY POSING AS A REPORTER -- SO I'M BOUND TO LEARN SOMETHING!
FUNERAL PARLOR

UNEXPECTEDLY -- WITH SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS BREAKING THE SILENCE --
THEY'RE BRINGING OUT A COFFIN -- AND THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE ABOUT THOSE PALLBEARERS!
DYNAMITE


WITHOUT A WORD -- WITHOUT A SINGLE SIDEWARD GLANCE --
NO USE ASKING ANY QUESTIONS! THOSE STARING EXPRESSIONS MAKE IT PLAIN THEY'VE BEEN HYPNOTIZED -- SO I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS WHO'S IN THE COFFIN!


NO TELLING WHERE THEY'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO TAKE BIMOZE, BUT I KNOW ONE THING -- I'M STICKING RIGHT BEHIND THEM!

MILES BEYOND -- AT THE END OF A WINDING WOODLAND ROAD --
STRANGE PLACE TO TAKE A CORPSE! BUT IT'S NOT THE KIND OF CORPSE THAT WINDS UP IN A GRAVEYARD -- NOT WHEN IT HAS A VICTIM WAITING!
AGAIN -- LIKE ROBOTS ACTIVATED BY EVIL --
THE PALLBEARERS DON'T EVEN NOTICE ME! NO WONDER--THEY'VE BEEN COMPLETELY MESMERIZED BY BIMOZE! AND WHEN THEY COME TO, HE'S FIXED IT SO THEY'LL RECALL A BURIAL RITE THAT NEVER HAPPENED!
INSIDE -- WHERE THE DARKNESS CLINGS LIKE LIVING FEAR --
A MOMENT LATER --
WHAT A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH THIS MUST BE TO THAT GLOATING FIEND -- TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THERE -- WITH JEAN! THERE'S NO TIME TO GET HELP -- WHATEVER'S DONE MUST BE DONE NOW -- BY ME!
I CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT THEIR FOOTPRINTS ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! THEY CARRIED HIM THAT WAY -- DOWN TO THE CELLAR!
GOOD -- THE COFFIN'S STILL CLOSED! HE'S STILL INSIDE -- AND I'VE GOT TO BRACE MYSELF FOR A QUICK LOOK -- JUST TO MAKE SURE I'VE GOT THAT DEMON TRAPPED!
WITH THE PALE FEATURES LIKE A MASK OF HORROR AGAINST THE GLOOM --
YEP -- HE'S BEEN IMMOBILIZED BY A SELF-IMPOSED TRANCE! THIS FIEND DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE -- BECAUSE IF HE DID -- HE'D GUESS WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!
A POINTED STAKE -- DRIVEN THROUGH HIS LOATHSOME HEART! LORD KNOWS WHERE THAT GHOUL HAS HIDDEN JEAN -- BUT IT'S THE ONE THING THAT'LL SAVE HER!
6

THEN -- SOUNDING FROM THE SHADOWS--
BIMOZE! ROUSE YOURSELF, BIMOZE!
JEAN! YE GODS -- SHE'S WARNING THIS FIEND!
IN THE NEXT SECOND -- AS THE DEATHLESS EYES GLINT WITH A SURGE OF EVIL --
HE'S COMING OUT OF HIS TRANCE! HE ISN'T A FIEND OF THE UNDEAD NOW -- HE'S A HYPNOTIST WITH STARING EYES!
INCH BY INCH -- AS THE STIRRING FINGERS RISE--
THEY'RE MOVING -- THEY'RE MOVING... I CAN'T THINK -- I CAN'T FIGHT OFF THIS CREEPING DEATH!
THERE IS NO DEATH -- AROUND BIMOZE! THERE IS ONLY -- A YIELDING OF LIFE -- FOREVER!
NO -- NO! I WON'T GIVE UP, JEAN -- NOT WHEN IT MEANS YOUR DOOM!
IN THE NEXT HORROR-LADEN SECOND --
WAM!
AAAGH!
DARLING -- WHERE ARE WE? IT'S AS IF I'VE BEEN ASLEEP -- UNTIL THAT HIDEOUS YELL AWAKENED ME!
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, JEAN! JUST STAY THE WAY YOU ARE -- FOR ANOTHER SECOND!
STEVE, I CAN'T GUESS WHAT WOULD MAKE ME SLEEPWALK ALL THE WAY TO A DESERTED HOUSE -- UNLESS THAT SILLY HYPNOTIST ACT UPSET ME MORE THAN I SUSPECTED! WHAT HAPPENED?
FORGET IT, HONEY! AFTER ALL, IF YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING -- WHY SHOULDN'T WE BOTH FORGET?
THE END
7

PHANTOM ARMIES

The GHOSTLY WARRIORS of AACHEN

ONE OF THE MOST GHOSTLY PHENOMENA OF ALL TIME IS SAID TO HAVE OCCURRED IN AACHEN, GERMANY, DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR··· WHEN PHANTOM WARRIORS WHO HAD BEEN DEAD FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS AROSE FROM THEIR GRAVES TO ENGAGE THEIR AGE-OLD ENEMIES IN BATTLE ONCE AGAIN!

HARRY LAZARUS

LET US GO BACK MORE THAN ELEVEN CENTURIES TO THE TIME OF **CHARLEMAGNE THE GREAT**, KING OF FRANCE AND EMPEROR OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD IN THE 9TH CENTURY A.D. ···A WARRIOR WHO WAS TO RETURN AGAIN IN GHOSTLY GUISE WHEN HIS COUNTRY NEEDED HIM!

FROM 774 TO 799 A.D., CHARLEMAGNE WAGED WAR AGAINST THE TEUTONS WHOSE LAND LAY EAST OF THE RHINE IN WHAT IS NOW GERMANY··· AND THE MIGHTY FRENCH WARRIOR AND HIS KNIGHTS WERE A RELENTLESS SCOURGE TO THEIR ENEMIES!

IT'S CHARLEMAGNE! FLEE!

HIS WAR AGAINST THE TEUTONS SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED, CHARLEMAGNE BUILT A GREAT PALACE AT AACHEN ··· WHERE HE SWORE A SOLEMN VOW TO HIS PEOPLE!

IF EVER I AM NEEDED BY MY COUNTRY AGAIN, I SWEAR TO RETURN ··· **EVEN FROM THE GRAVE!**

UPON HIS DEATH ON JANUARY 28TH, 814, CHARLEMAGNE WAS BURIED AT AACHEN···WHERE CENTURIES LATER, A MIGHTY BATTLE BEGAN ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1944, BETWEEN THE ATTACKING AMERICAN FIRST ARMY AND THE FANATICAL NAZI DEFENDERS!
BAM!
POW!
THE SIEGE OF AACHEN, ONE OF THE VITAL GATEWAYS INTO GERMANY, LASTED FOR WEEKS···WITH THE MASSED NAZI FIREPOWER IN THE CITY TAKING A HEAVY TOLL OF ALLIED LIVES!
THE CITY IS AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS···WE'D SUFFER TERRIFIC LOSSES IF WE MADE A DIRECT FRONTAL ATTACK! BUT WE MUST CAPTURE IT··· SOMEHOW!
THEN ON OCTOBER 11TH, AS NAZI SURVIVORS LATER TESTIFIED, AN ASTOUNDING SIGHT WAS SEEN···A PHANTOM ARMY OF 9TH CENTURY KNIGHTS GALLOPING DOWN THROUGH THE SKY IN FULL ARMOR, DESCENDING UPON THE AWE-STRICKEN GERMANS!
HIMMEL ··· WAS IST?
THE GHOSTLY HOST ATTACKED, WITH CHARLEMAGNE HIMSELF IN THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE, FULFILLING A THOUSAND-YEAR PLEDGE TO COME TO THE AID OF FRANCE AGAINST THE TEUTONS!
AARGHH!
FLEE···BEFORE WE ARE ALL MASSACRED!
THE ALLIED FORCES SAW NOTHING OF THE APPARITION··· BUT QUICKLY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE NAZIS' FLIGHT!
THERE'S NO TELLING WHY THEY'RE WITHDRAWING··· BUT THEY'VE LEFT A GAP IN THEIR LINES! AFTER THEM!
THE VII CORPS ENTERED AACHEN ON OCTOBER 12TH···AND SOON FORCED THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY! IT WAS ONLY LATER, WHEN A FEW DAZED NAZI SURVIVORS MUMBLED HYSTERICALLY ABOUT THE PHANTOM ARMY OF THE SKY, THAT THE STORY ABOUT CHARLEMAGNE AND THE GHOSTLY WARRIORS OF AACHEN WAS REVEALED! FACT··· OR FICTION?
THE END!
2

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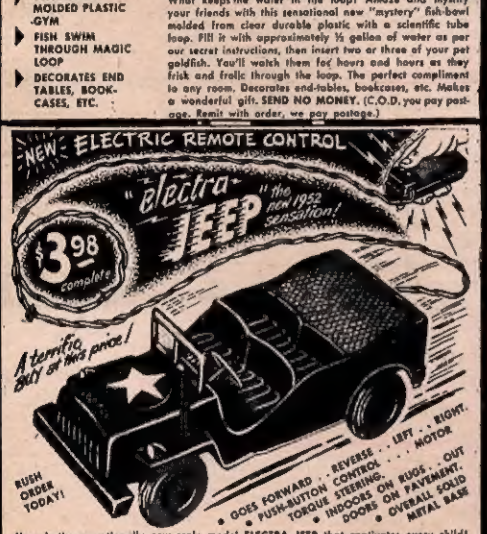

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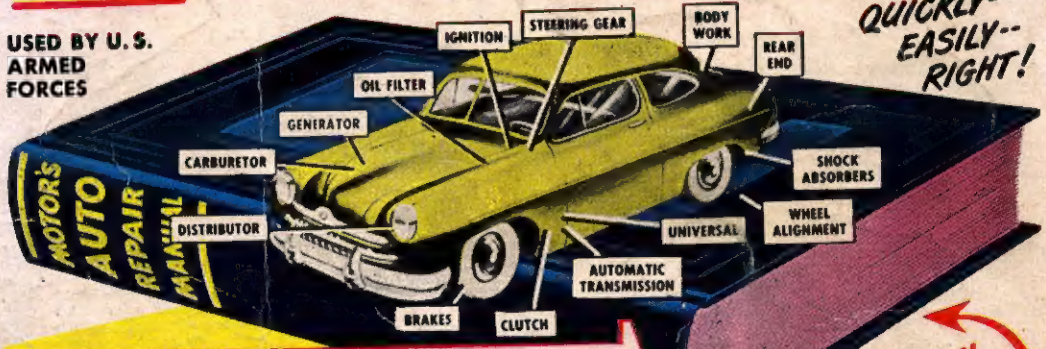

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